

I'll handle it by Jancys_Blue_Bayou

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Drabble, F/M, Missing Scene, Post-2x09

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Jonathan Byers & Joyce Byers, Jonathan Byers/Nancy Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-25

Updated: 2017-12-25

Packaged: 2022-04-03 15:02:05

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 831

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Jonathan and Joyce taking care of Will, each other and everything else after the Mindflayer's left. Drabble from a prompt.

I'll handle it

Author's Note:

A/N: From anon tumblr prompt: "Hey I was wondering if you could do a one-shot about a moment between Joyce and Jonathan after 2x09, since we really didn't get much of that in the show! Merry Christmas!"

She was in the backseat as Jonathan drove them home, Nancy next to him in the front. She ran her fingers through Will's hair that was drenched in sweat. He was dozing off. She herself felt like she was in a daze. It felt like a year's worth of time had passed since she'd found Will in the school field, in another world.

She didn't even realize they had come to a stop until Jonathan opened the door and carefully picked Will up. She got out on the other side and followed them. The front door swung open when they approached, revealing Mike Wheeler.

"How's Will?" He asked urgently.

"We got it out of him," Jonathan answered shortly, pushing past Mike and the others who stood behind him. She was vaguely aware of Nancy gasping when she looked at the Harrington kid while she followed her boys. Jonathan strode into Will's room and slowly put Will down on his bed. She pulled the covers up around him and sat on the edge of the bed. Jonathan sat down next to her and put a hand on her shoulder.

"Mom? Mom, are you okay?"

She nodded but she knew he didn't buy it.

"I'm sorry about Bob."

She allows herself to take her eyes of Will and cling to Jonathan. His arms immediately go around her as she cries. But there's not many tears left. She collects herself and looks over her oldest.

“Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, mom.”

“I’m sorry I haven’t been... All there, with you, I-”

“It’s okay, mom. You were with Will.”

“You had to grow up so fast.”

“It’s alright.”

“What did... where were you? Did everything go okay?”

“Yeah. Chicago. Getting justice, against the Lab.”

“How did-”

“I’ll explain later. You should get some rest.”

“No, there’s so much to take care of we-”

“I’ll handle it. You should be here with Will.”

She nods. A knock on the door makes them both look around. Slowly the door opens and Nancy pokes her head inside.

“Sorry, how is he?” She asks, looking between them and Will’s sleeping figure.

“He’s okay,” Jonathan answers.

“Good. Uh, do you have a first aid kit or something? ‘cause Steve’s bleeding, I still don’t fully understand why but...”

“Yeah, in the bathroom, under the sink. I’ll be right out,” Jonathan answers.

“Oh, okay. By the way the Chief radioed again, I told him there’s a hole in his cabin door so he’s bring Eleven here, is that okay?”

“Of course,” she answers, getting up off the bed. Jonathan rises too. “Sweetheart, thank you. It won’t ever be enough but thank you,

for what you did,” she says and hugs the teenage girl that saved her boy.

“Oh,” the girl answers, slightly taken aback but quickly reciprocating the hug.

She sits down next to Will again and watches as Jonathan puts a hand on Nancy’s back as they leave the room. She’d be sure to ask about that whole thing later.

She sits and watches her youngest sleep peacefully. Outside she hears people moving around, the sound of Jonathan rummaging around, cleaning up all the mess. She hears Nancy call “Hold still!” and then a deeper voice cursing slightly. Later she hears yelling, she can’t quite understand what about but she hears the words Demogorgon and fridge, which can’t be good. But she can’t be bothered with that tonight. Yawning, she carefully lay herself down next to Will, putting an arm around him.

Eventually she hears the sound of the front door opening as Hop and Eleven enters. All the kids talking over each other is shut down by Hop’s booming voice. She hears Jonathan’s voice and then the sound of Hop’s heavy footsteps and a lighter pair she realizes must be Eleven, making their way across the hall to her bedroom that Jonathan must’ve offered. Good. Then the sound of the hallway closet opening and mattresses being dragged out.

Soft thuds of the mattresses being dropped in the living room is followed by new chatter about sleeping arrangements that’s quieted by Nancy’s voice. Rustling as a several people lay down in the living room and some light footsteps sneaking off to Jonathan’s room. A soft knock on the door and then Jonathan enters again.

“Hey. All good?”

“Yeah. Everything okay out there?”

“Yeah. I put El and Hopper in your room, I figured...”

“Yeah, that’s good.”

“The kids didn’t want to leave and it’s so late that...”

“Yeah yeah, of course.”

“So they’re in the living room. Steve too, Nancy thinks he may have a concussion so we should probably get him to the hospital in the morning.”

“Oh dear. Well, we need to take Will too.”

“Yeah. So me and Nance were gonna turn in-” he cuts himself off, suddenly looking embarrassed. She smiles and pats his arm.

“You do that.”

“Okay. Get some sleep.”

“You too.”

“Goodnight,” he holds in the doorway. “Love you.”

“Love you too sweetie. Goodnight.”